May 12 1918. 3rd Hospital ship Fishmongers Hull. 1866.

Hogarth House
Paradise Road
Richmond.

Telephone
496 Richmond

Dear Nick,

We met Barbara at the Club the other day, & asked whether we might pay you a visit. We should very much like to.

Would next Tuesday about 4 suit you? I don't think you will have time to let us know, so we will come then. If it won't do, I have written our telephone number, & perhaps some one could ring us up.

A vote of sympathy, congratulation & anticipation of further favour was passed by my Mothers. I

said I would hand it on. A great deal of emotion was displayed; yr am called "the Lieutenant." — We are having an address on Sex Education next week, & you'll be surprised to hear that after thinking over the paper on Syphilis for six months or so, they have come to the conclusion that it is all true & "most valuable". So although it takes some time, one need never give up hope of something or other. I expect they still brood upon what you said.

I've been submerged in the waters of family life. I've had to go to tea with Aunts & go to dinner with cousins who retired from the Calcutta bench 10 years ago; & only by the skin of my teeth did I avoid lunching with a Roumanian Princ whose mistress has written a book, which I did not review; but all the same they cherish hopes that we may

NYPL

print her play. At least, this is the only reason
I can see for a grand party with Lady
Cunard, Mr. Boirell, the Prince, & a
wretched, ill dressed, intertained Suburban
such as I am. Of course in my own
mind I don't think them worth a damn;—
Still flattery is flattery. I see that
none gas is really proof against
that libidinous Ape Mr. Asquith, if
the chooses to reach a paw for us.
The only hope for the preservation of
our society is that people like yer a
Barbara, still comparatively young &
uncontaminated, should make an
enclosed space of virtuous life, when
we can be out of temptation.
Saxon shall be the Guardian. Nothing
could corrupt Saxon. Imagine his
bright sword descending upon Lady
Diana Manners, & leaving nothing but a
corpulent trunk! I can see him
wiping the blade upon silk & coming
in to tea as calm as a Seraph.
But this is for yer to develop.

I am running on because I am waiting for my tea, & Leonard won't come in. The church bells & the trumpets are fairly distracting.

Have you seen Clive's book? If not, please don't believe that Virginia Woolf wishes to be called next to Hardy & Conrad, the best living novelist; or that Duncan thinks Lewis the greatest European painter, or that Vanessa is — I forget what — Equal to Duncan perhaps.

Here is Leonard.

Yours

Virginia Woolf

NYPL

Hamill 9/13/66

RICHMOND SURREY

7. [illegible] PM

16 APR 18

16 APR 1

Lieut. N. Bagenal.

1st Irish Guards.

No 20. General Hospital.

B.E.F.

France

Hogarth House
Paradise Road
Richmond.

April 15th 1918

Dear Nick,

I was immensely pleased to get your letter this morning, & to see that you are really much the same as ever. I'm told that a kidney more or less is a matter of no importance. And now you'll be back in the midst of us all again, but you'll never hear to your face all the fine flattering things your friends have been saying about you. The other day for example at the 17 Club there was Goldie, Leonard & myself — Well, I won't repeat what might still make you blush & possibly raise your temperature. The upshot of it was that you're proposed by Leonard (who's going to write to you) & seconded by Goldie & it's generally felt by the Club that you're badly wanted there. We must arrange a tea party.

We went & had tea with Barbara, & found her curled up asleep in

"The Four Men"

H. Belloc.

NYPL

in an arm chair. One ofher eyes remained
shut for quite a long time. She had had
your letter the night before & was feeling
fairly elated. Saxon had just washed
his head in an inner room, & was
stepping about among the crockery in
a brown vest like a Siamese cat. We
had a splendid tea — two kinds of cake
& a loaf specially baked by the char
womans husband. We laughed a great
deal at Barbara for missing all the
trains to Arbraham. It proves beyond
doubt that her next visit must be
made in company with her husband.

Since beginning this letter I've spent
a night at Guildford with Roger, &
read his translation of the Lysistrata, &
talked about every kind of thing, &
finally this morning I went to Gordon
Square with him, & there we met Nessa &
Maynard & Shepherd. Nessa left
the room & reappeared with a small
panel about the size of a large slab
of chocolate. On ~~it~~ ~~there~~ ~~was~~ one side
are painted 6 apples by Cezanne. Roger
very nearly lost his senses. I've never seen

such a sight of intoxication. It was like a bee on a sunflower. Imagine Snow falling outside, a wind like there is in the Dubs, an atmosphere of yellow grains of dust, & us all floating upon them apples. They really are very superb. The longer they are looks the larger & heavier & greener & redder they become. The artists amused me very much, discussing whether he'd used veridian or emerald green. & Roger knowing the day, practically the hour, they were done by some brush mark in the background.

I cant say much for the beauty of Richmond at this moment. We're to busy printing that we hardly notice. And Leonard has Americans to lunch who begin at once "We plaa you, Mr Woolf, at the very top of the men who are doing the Constructive thinking of our time — at the very top." After 2½ hours of this they tear themselves away saying "Well well, we're due at Mr. Balfour's now, but we've only scratched your surface so far, Mr Woolf — & we have to thank

you. Wᵐ Woolf, for showing us the interior
of an English home." They're on
their way to the front; but you must
meet them — Then a compatriot
of yours, called James Joyce, wants us
to print his new novel. I should
hesitate to put it into the hand
of Barbara, even though she is a
married woman. The directness of the
language, the choice of incidents, if
there is any choice, but as far as I
can see there's a certain sameness —
have raised a blush upon such a
cheek as mine. Is this an Irish
quality?

Well, I must immediately wash,
for I'm all over printers ink, & the
Mothers arrive in 20 minutes. I
hardly like to have Joyce even in the
next room. to them.

There'll be great competition
to come & see you in the hospital, &
Leonard & I take up a position which
is firm, attentive, & patient. We
want to see you very much.

Yr Virginia Woolf

Harvill 9/13/66